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THE Tragedie of King Richard the Se- cond:

*With new additions of the Parliament Sceane,
and the deposing of King
Richard.*

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges
Maiesties seruants, at the Globe.

By WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE.



At LONDON,

Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold
at his shop in Paules Church-yard, at the
signe of the Foxe.

1615.

THE Tragedie of King

Richard the 2d.
149. 989

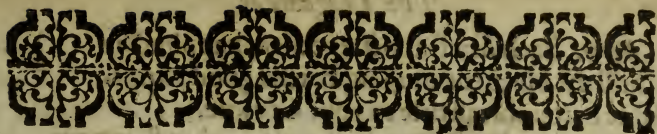
May 1873
and the history of King
Richard.

As it hath been lately acted by the Kinges
At the Swan Theatre at the Globe.



By Wm. Shakspeare

Printed for Iohn Iohnson, and are to be sold
at his shop in Strand, opposite to the
signe of the Foxe.



Enter King Richard, Iohn of
Gaunt, with other Nobles and
Attendants.

King Richard.



O Lde Iohn of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster,
Hast thou according to thy oth and band,
Brought hither Henry Herford thy bold son,
Here to make good the boistrous late appeal
Which then our leisure wold not let vs here,
Against the Duke of Norfolke, *Tho: Mow.*

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, hast thou sounded him
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subiect should,
On some knowne ground of treacherie in him?

Gaunt. As neare as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparant danger seene in him,
Aimde at your Highnesse; no inueterate malice.

King. Then call them to our presence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow our selues will heare
The accuser, and the accused freely speake:
Hie stomackt are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the sea, hastie as fire.

Enter Bullingbroke, and Mowbray.

Bulling. Many yeares of happie daies befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my most louing Liege,

The Tragedie of

Mow. Each day still better others happinesse,
Vntill the Heauens enuying Earths good happe,
Adde in immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both: yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cause you come;
Namely, to appeale each other of high treason.
Cousin of Hereford, what dost thou object
Against the Duke of Norfolke Thomas Mowbray?

Bul. First (heauen be the record to my speech)
In the deuotion of a Subiects loue,
Tendring the precious safety of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appeallant to this Princely presence.
Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turne to thee;
And marke my greeting well: for what I speake,
My body shall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine soule answere it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitour, and a miscreant;
Too good to be so, and too bad to liue:
Since the more faire and christall is the skie,
The vglie seeme the clouds that in it flie.
Once more, the more to agrauate the note,
With a foule traitors name stuffe I thy throat,
And wish (so please my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong speaks, my right drawnesword may proue.

Mow. Let not my cold words here accuse my zeale.
Tis not the triall of a womans warre,
The bitter clamor of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cause betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that must be coold for this,
Yet can I not of such tame patience boast,
As to be husht and nought at all to say.
First the faire reuerence of your highnesse curbs me,
From giuing reynes and spurs to my free speech,
Which else would post vntill it had returnd
These tearmes of treason doubled downe his throat;
Setting aside his high bloods royalty:
And let him be no kinsman to my Liege.

I doe defie him, and spit at him;
Call him a slaunderous Coward and a Villaine;
Which to maintaine, I would allow him ods;
And meete him, were I tide to runne a foote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer English man durst set his foote,
Meant time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes, most falsely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Disclaiming here the kindred of a king,
And lay aside my high bloods royaltie,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
If guiltie dread haue left thee so much strength,
As to take vp mine honors pawne, then stoope:
By that, and all the rites of Knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee arme to arme,
What I haue spoke, or what thou canst deuise.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that Sword I Swear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my shoulder,
Ile answere thee in any faire degree:
Or chiuallrous designe of Knightly triall.
And when I mount alieue, alieue may I not light,
If I betraitour, or vniustly fight.

King. What doth our Cousin lay to Mowbraies charge?
It must be great that can inherit vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Lookewhat I said, my life shall prooue it true,
That Mowbray hath receiud eight thousand Nobles,
In name of lendings, for your Highnesse Souldiours:
The which he hath detaind for leawd imployments,
Like a false Traitor and iniurious Villaine,
Besides I say, and will in battaile prooue,
Or heere, or else where, to the furthest Verge
That euer was surueyed by English eye,
That all the treasons for these Eighteene yeares,
Complotted and contriued in this Land,
Fetcht from false Mowbray, their first head and spring:

Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his loone belecuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood.
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tonguelesse Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour neerenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part referu'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my foe,
 Once did I lay an ambush for your life;
 A trespasse that doth vexe my griued soule;
 Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sacrament,
 I did confesse it, and exactly begd
 Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
 This is my fault; as for the rest appeald,
 It issues from the rancour of a Villaine,
 A recreant and most degenerate Traitor,
 Which in my selfe I boldly will defend,
 And enterchangeably hurle downe the gage,
 Vpon this ouerweening Traitors foote,
 To prooue my selfe a loyall Gentleman,
 Euen in the best blood chambred in your bosome:
 In hast whereof, most hartily I pray
 Your highnesse to assigne our triall day.

King. Wrath kindled Gentleman, be ruled by me,
 Lets purgethis choler without letting blood;
 This we prescribe, though no Phisition:
 Deepe malice makes too deepe incision:
 Forget, forgieue; conclude, and be agreed,
 Our Doctors say, this is no month tobleed:
 Good Vnckle, let this end where it begunne;
 Weeke calme the Duke of *Norfolke*, you your sonne.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace, shall become my age:
 Throw downe (my sonne) the Duke of *Norfolks* gage.

King. And *Norfolke*, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when obedience bids,
 Obedience bids I should not bid againe.

King. *Norfolke*, throw downe we bid, there is no boote.

Mow. My selfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foote
 My life thou shalt commaund, but not my shame:
 The one my dutie owes; but my faire name,
 Despight of death that liues vpon my graue,
 To darke Dishonors vse, thou shalt not haue:
 I am disgrast, impeacht, and baffuld heere,
 Pierst to the soule with slaunders venomd speare,
 The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood

Which

Which breathd this poyson.

King. Rage must be withstood:
Giue me his gage; Lions make Leopards tame.

Mowb. Yea, but not change his spors; take but my shame
And I resigne my gage, my deare deare Lords
The purest treasure mortall times affoord,
Is spotlesse reputation, that away;
Men are but guilded loame, and painted Clays
A ieuell in a tennet times bard vp Chest,
Is a bold Spirit in a loyall Breast.
Mine Honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

Then (deare my Liege) mine Honour let me try,
In that I liue, and for that will I die.

King. Cousin, throw vp your gage; do you begin.

Bull. O God defend my soule from such deepe sinne;
Shall I seeme Crest-fallen in my fathers sight?
Or with pale begger-face impeach my hight,
Before this out-darke dastard? Ere my tongue
Shall wound my Honour with such feeble wrong,
Or sound so bace & parlee, my teeth shall teare
The slauish motiue of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace;
Where shame doth harbour, euen in Mowbraies face.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command;
Which since we cannot doe, to make you friends,
Be ready (as your life shall answere it)
At Conentrie vpon Saint Lambards day:
There shall your Swords and Launces arbitrate
The swelling difference of your fetled hate:
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors chiuallrie.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct these home all armes. *Exit.*

Enter Iohn of Gaunt, with the Dutchesse of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Woodstocks blood,
Doth more sollicit me, then your exclaymes,

To stirre against the Butchers of his life.
 But since correction lyeth in those handes,
 Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
 Put wee our quarrell to the will of heauen;
 Who when they see the hower's ripe on earth,
 Will raine hot vengeance on offenders heades.

Dutcheffe. Finds Brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?
 Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?

Edwards seauen Sonnes, whereof thy selfe art one,
 Were seauen Viols of his sacred blood,
 Or seauen faire branches springing from one roote:
 Some of those seauen are dryed by Natures course;
 Some of those Branches by the Destenies cut:
 But *Thomas* my deare Lord, my life, my *Glocester*,
 One Violl full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
 One flourishing Branch of his most Royall roote
 Is crackt, and all the precious liquor spilt,
 Is hackt downe, and his Summer leaues all faded
 By *Envies* hand, and Murders bloodie axe.

Ah *Gaunt*, his blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
 That mettall, that selfe mould that fashioned thee,
 Made him a man: and though thou liuest and breathest,
 Yet art thou slaine in him; thou dost consent
 In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
 In that thou seest thy wretched Brother die,
 Who was the modell of thy Fathers life:
 Call it not Patience, *Gaunt*, it is Dispaire,
 In suffering thus thy Brother to be slaughtred;
 Thou shewest the naked path-way to thy life,
 Teaching sterne Murder how to butcher thee:
 That which in meane men we intitle Patience,
 Is pale cold Cowardice in Noble breastes.
 What shall I say? to safegard thine owne life,
 The best way is, to venge my *Glocesters* death.

Gaunt. Gods is the quarrell, for Gods substitute,
 His deputie annoynted in his sight,
 Hath caus'd his death; the which if wrongfully,
 Let Heauen reuenge, for I may neuer lift

The Tragedie of

An angrie arme against his minister.

Dut. Where then alas may I complaine my selfe?

Gaunt. To God, the Widowes Champaign and defence.

Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*,

Thou goest to Couentrie, there to behold

Our Coosin Herford and tell Mowbray fight.

O set my Husbands wrongs on Herfords Speare,

That it may enter Butcher Mowbrayes breast.

Or if misfortune misse the first carrier,

Be Mowbraies sinnes so heauie in his bosome,

That they may breake his soming Coursers backe,

And throw the rider headlong in the lists,

A Caytiffe recreant to my Coosin Herford.

Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy sometimes Brothers wife,

With her companion, grieve must end her life.

Gaunt. Sister farewell, I must to Couentrie:

As much good stay with thee, as go with me.

Dutch. Yet one word more; grieve boundeth where it falls

Not with the emptie hollownesse, but weight:

I take my leaue before I haue begunne,

For sorrow ends not when it seemeth done:

Commend me to my Brother Edmund Yorke;

Loe this is all; nay yet depart not so,

Though this be all, do not so quickly goe,

I shall remember more: Bidd him, ah what?

With all good speed at Plashie visite me.

Alacke and what shall good old Yorke there see,

But emptie Lodgings and vn furnisht walles,

Vnpeopled Offices, vntrodden Stones;

And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?

Therefore commend me, let him not come there,

To seeke out sorrow, that dwells euery where;

Desolate, desolate will I hence and die:

The last leaue of thee takes my weeping eye.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lord Marshall and the Duke Aumerle.

Mar. My Lord Aumerle, is Harry Herford armed?

Aumerle. Yea at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar.

Mar. The Duke of Norfolke sprightly and bold,
Staies but the summons of the appellants trumpet.

Aum. Why then the Champions are prepar'd, and stay
For nothing but his Maiesties approach.

*The trumpets sound, and the King enters with his Nobles : when
they are set, enter the Duke of Norfolke in armes defendant.*

King. Marshall, demaund of yonder Champion,
The cause of his arriuall heere in armes,
Aske him his name, and orderly proceed
To sweare him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. In Gods name and the Kings, say who thou art,
And why thou comest thus Knightly clad in armes ?
Against what man thou comst, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy Knight-hood, and thy oath,
As so defend thee heauen and thy valour.

Mow. My name is *Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolke*,
Who hither comeingaged by my oath,
(Which God defend a Knight should violate)
Both to defend my loyaltie and truth,
To God, my King, and my succeeding issue,
Against the Duke of Herford that appeales mee,
And by the grace of God, and this mine armes,
To prooue him in defending of my selfe,
A Traytor to my God, my King, and mee:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

*The Trumpets sound, enter Duke of Herford
appellant, in armour.*

King. Marshall, aske yonder Knight in armes,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of Warre,
And formerly, according to our law,
Depose him in the iustice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, & wherfore comst thou hither
Before King *Richard* in his Royall lists ?
Against whom comest thou ? and what's thy quarrell ?
Speake like a true Knight, so defend thee Heauen,

The Tragedie of

Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby
Am I, who readie heare do stand in Armes,
To prooue by Gods grace, and my bodies valour
In lists, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he is a Traytor foule and dangerous,
To God of Heauen, King Richard, and to me:
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Mar. On paine of death no person be so bold
Or daring, hardie, as to touch the lists,
Except the Marshall and such officers
Appointed to direct these faire designs.

Bul. Lord Marshall, let me kisse my Soueraignes hand,
And bow my knee before his Maiestie,
For *Mowbray* and my selfe are like two men,
That vow a long and wearie pilgrimage,
Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue,
And louing farewell of our seuerall friends.

Mar. The appellante in all dutie greets your highnesse,
And craues to kisse your hand and take his leaue.

King. We will descend and folde him in our armes.
Coolin of Herford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell my blood, which if to day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.

Bul. O let no Noble eie prophane a teare
For me, if I be gorged with *Mowbrays* speare:
As confident as is the Falcons flight
Against a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord I take my leaue of you:
Of you (my noble Cousin) Lord *Annerle*,
Not sicke, although I haue to do with death,
But lustie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at English feasts for I regret
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.
Oh thou the earthly Author of my blood,
Whose youthfull spirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold vigour lift me vp,
To reach a victorie about my head,

Add proofe vnto mine armour with thy prayers,
And with thy blessings Steele my launces point,
That it may enter Mowbrayes waxen coate,
And furbish new the name of *John a Gaunt*,
Euen in the lustie hauiour of his Sonne.

Gaunt. God, in thy good cause make thee prosperous,
Be swift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the caske
Of thy aduerse pernicious enemy,
Rowse vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant and liue.

Bul. Mine innocence and Saint George to thriue.

Mow. How euer God or fortune cast my lotte,
There lies or dies true to King Richards throne,
A loyall, iust, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did captiue with a freer heart
Cast off his chaines of Bondage, and embrace
His Golden vncontroled Enfranchisement,
More then my dauncing soule doth celebrate
This feast of battle with mine aduersarie.
Most mightie Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my youth the wish of happy yeares,
A gentle and as incond as to iest,
Go I to fight, truth hath a quiet brest.

King. Farewell (my Lord) securely I espie,
Vertue with valor couched in thine eie,
Order the triall Marshall, and beginne.

Mar. Harrie of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Reccie thy Launce, and God defend thy right.

Bul. Strong as a Tower in hope I cry, Amen.

Mar. Go beare this launce to Thomas D. of *Norfolke*.

Herald. Harry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darbie,
Stands heere, for God, his Soueraigne, and himselfe,
On paine to be found false and recreant,
To proue the Duke of *Norfolke* Thomas Mowbray,
A Traytor to his God, his King, and him.
And dares him to set forwards to the fight.

Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray D. of *Norfolke*,

On paine to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himselfe, and to approue
Henry of Herford, Lancaster, and Darby,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him disloyall,
Couragiously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signall to begin.

Mar. Sound Trumpets, and set forth Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his warder downe.

King. Let them lay by their Helmers, & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets sound,
While we returne these Dukes what we decree.
Draw neere and list.

What with our Counsell we haue done,
For that our kingdomes earth should not be soyl'd
With that deare blood which it hath beene fostered;
And for our eies do hate the dire aspect
Of ciuill wounds plough'd vp with neighbours sword:
And for we thinke the Eagle-winged pride,
Of skie-aspiring and ambitious thoughts
With riuall-hating Enuie set on you,
To wake our peace, which in our Countries cradle
Drawes the sweet infant breath of gentle sleepe,
Which so rouzd vp with boystrous vntun'd drummes,
With harsh resounding trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating shooke of wrathfull yron armes,
Might from our quiet confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore we banish you our territories.
You Cousin Herford, vpon paine of life,
Till twice five Summers haue enricht our field,
Shall not regreete our faire Dominions,
But tread the stranger pathes of banishment.

Bul. Your will be done; this must my comfort be,
That Sun that warms you heere, shall shine on me,
And those his golden beames vnto you heere lent,
Shall point on me, and guild my banishment.

King. Norfolk, for thee remains a heauier doome,
Which

Which I with some ynwillingnesse pronounce,
The slie slow howres shall not determinate
The datelesse limit of thy deare exile:
The hopelesse word of neuer to returne,
Breath I against thee, vpon paine of life.

Mow. A heauie sentence, my most soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlookt for from your highnesse mouth,
A dearer merit, not so deepe a mayme,
As to be cast soorth in the common ayre,
Haue I deserued at your Highnesse hands:
The language I haue learnd these fortie yeares,
My natie English now I must forgoe,
And now my tongues vse is to me no more
Than an vnstringed violl or a harpe,
Or like a cunning instrument casde vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmonic:
Within my mouth you haue ingayld my tongue,
Doubly percullist with my teeth and lippes,
And dull vuseeling barren ignorance
Is made my layler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vppon a Nurse,
To farre in yeares to be a Pupill now.
What is thy sentence but speechlesse death;
Which robbes my tongue from breathing natie breath?

King. It bootes thee not to be compassionate,
After our sentence, playning comes too late.

Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwell in solemne shades of endlesse night.

King. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall Sword your banisht hands.
Swear by the dutie that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we banish with your selues)
To keepe the oath that we administer:
You neuer shall, so helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in banishment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write; regreete, nor reconcile

The Tragedie of

This louing tempest of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduised purpose meete,
To plotte, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainst vs, our state, our subiects, or our land.

Bul. I sweare.

Mow. And I, to keepe all this.

Bul. Norfolke, so fare as to mineemie:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our soules had wandred in the ayre,
Banisht this fraile Sepulchre of our flesh,
As now our flesh is banisht from this land.
Confesse thy treasons ere thou fly the Realme,
Since thou hast farre to goe, beare not along
The cloging burthen of a guiltie Soule.

Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were Traytour,
My name be blotted from the Booke of life,
And I from Heauen banisht, as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And all too soone (I feare) the King shall rewe:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I stray,
Saue backe to England, all the world's my way.

King. Vncle, euen in the glasse of thine eies,
I see thy griued heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banisht yeares
Pluckt foure away, sixe frozen Winters spent,
Returne with welcome home from banishment.

Bul. How long a time lies in one little word?
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs,
End in one word; such is the breath of Kings.

Gamm. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of mee,
He shortens foure yeares of my Sonnes exile;
But little vantage shall I reape thereby:
For ere the sixe yeares that he hath to spend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dryed Lampe, and time bewasted light
Shall be extinct with age and endlesse night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death nor let me see my Sonne.

King.

King. Why Vnckle, thou hast many yeares to liue.

Gaunt. But not a minute (*King*) that thou canst giue:
Shorten my daies thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst helpe Time to furrow me with age,
But stoppe no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.

King. Thy Sonne is banisht with good aduise,
Whereto thy tongue, a party, verdict gaue,
Why at our Iustice seemst thou then to lowre?

Gaunt. Things sweet to tast, prooue in digestion sowre.
You vrge me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Oh had't been a stranger, not my child,
To smooth his fault I would haue been more milde:
A partiall slaunder sought I to auoyde,
And in the sentence my owne life destroyde.
Alas, I lookt when some of you should say,
I was too strict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Against my will, to do my selfe this wrong.

King. Coosen farewell, and Vnckle bid him so;
Sixe yeares we banish him, and he shall go.

Au. Coosin farewell; what presence must not know
From where you doe remaine, let Paper show.

Mar. My Lord no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your side.

Gaunt. Oh to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words
That thou returnest no greeting to thy friends?

Bul. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office should be prodigall,
To breath the abundant dolour of the heart.

Gaunt. Thy griefe is but thy absence for a time.

Bul. Ioy absent, griefe is present for that time.

Gaunt. What is sixe Winters? they are quickly gone.

Bul. To men in ioy, but griefe makes one howre ten.

Gaunt. Call it a trauaile that thou takst for pleasure.

The Tragedie of

Bul. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy wearie steps
Esteeme a soyle wherein thou art to set,
The precious Jewell of thy home returne.

Bul. Nay rather euery tedious stride I make,
Will but remember me what deale of world
I wander from the Jewels that I loue.
Must I not serue a long apprenticeship
To forren passages, and in the end,
Hauing my freedome, boast of nothing else,
But that I was a journey-man to grieve?

Gaunt. All places that the eie of heauen visites,
Are to a wise man ports and happy hauens.
Teach thy necessitie to reason thus.
There is no vertue like necessitie:
Thinke not the King did banish thee
But thou the King, who doth the heauier sit,
Where it perceiues it is but faintly borne:
Go, say I sent thee soorth to purchase honour,
And not the King exile thee, or suppose
Deuouring pestilence hangs in our aire,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Looke what thy soule holds deare, imagine it
To ly that way thou goest, not whence thou comest:
Suppose the singing birds Musitions,
The grasse whereon thou treadst, the presence strowde,
The flowers, faire Ladies, and thy steps, no more
Then a delightfull measure, or a daunce,
For gnarling sorrow hath lesse power to bite
The man that mockes at it and sets it light.

Bul. Oh who can hold a fier in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastick summers heat?
Oh no, the apprehension of the good

Giue but the greater feeling to the worse?
Fell sorrowes tooth doth neuer rancle more
Then when it bites, but lancheth not the soare.

Gaunt. Come come my sonne, Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth and cause, I would nor stay.

Bul. Then Englands ground farewell, sweet soile adiew,
My Mother and my Nurse that beares me yet.
Where ere I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banisht yet a true borne Englishman. *Exeunt.*

*Enter the King with Bushie, &c. at one dore, and the
Lord Aumerle at the other.*

King. Wee did obserue, Coosin *Humerle*,
How farre brought you high Herford on his way?

Aum. I brought high Herford, if you call him so,
But to the next high way, and there I left him.

King. And say, what store of parting teares were shed?

Aum. Faith none for me, except the Northeast winde,
Which then blew bitterly against our face,
Awakt the sleepe rewme, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.

King. What said your Coosin when you parted with him

An. Farewell, & for my heart disdained that my tongue
should so prophane the word that taught me craft,
To counterfaite oppresion of such grieffe,
That words seemd buried in my sorrowes graue :
Marry would the word farewell haue lengthned houres,
And added yeeres to his short banishment,
He should haue had a volume of farewells :
But since it would not, he had none of me.

King. He is our Coosins Coosin, but tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Our selfe and Bushie,
Observed his courtship to the common people,
How he did seeme to diue into their hearts,
With humble and familiar curtesie,
With reuerence he did throw away on slaues,

The Tragedie of

Wooring poore Craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient vnderbearing of his fortune,
As twere to banish their affects with him,
Off goes his Bonnet to an Oyster-wench,
A brace of Draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee,
With thanks my Countrey-men, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerision his,
And he our subiects next degree in hope.

Greene. Well, he is gone, & with him go these thoughts,
Now for the Rebels which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient mannage must be made (my Liege)
Ere further leysure yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your highnesse losse.

King. We will our selfe in person to this Warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court
And liberall larges, are growne somewhat light;
Wee are inforst to farme our Royall Realme,
The reuenue whereof shall furnishe vs:
For our affaires in hand, if that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall haue blancke Charters,
Whereto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large summes of Gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for *Ireland* presently.

Enter Busbie with newes.

Busb. Old *Iohn* of *Gaunt* is grieuous sicke, my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath sent post halt
To intreate your Maiestie to visite him.

King. Where lies he?

Busb. At *Elye* house.

King. Now put it (God) into the Phisitions mind,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lynyng of his Coffers shall make coates,
To decke our Souldiers for these *Irish* Warres.
Come Gentlemen, lets all goe visite him,
Pray God we may make hast, and come too late:

Amen.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Iohn of Gaunt sicke, with the Duke of Yorke, &c.

Gaunt. Will the King come, that I may breath my last,
In holosome counsell to his vnstayed youth?

Yorke. Vex not your selfe, nor strue not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counsell to his eare.

Gaunt. Oh, but they say, the tongues of dying men,
Inforce attention like deepe harmonie:

Wherewordes are scarce, they are fieldome spent in vaine,
For they breath truth that breath their words in paine.

Hethat no more must say, is listened more

Then they whom youth and ease hath taught to glose.

More are mens ends markt, then their liues before:

The setting Sunne, and Musicke at the glose,

As the last tast of sweetes is sweetest last,

Writ in remembrance, more then things long past.

Though *Richard* my liues counsell would not heare,

My deaths sad tale may yet vndeafe his eare.

Yorke. No, it is stopt with other flattering sounds,

As prayses of his state: then there are found

Lasciuious Meeters, to whose venom sound

The open eare of youth doth alwaies listen:

Report of fashions in proud *Italie*,

Whose manners still our tardy apish nation

Limps after in base imitation.

Where doth the world thrust foorth a vanitie,

So it be new, there's no respect how vile,

That is not quickly buzd into his eares?

Then all too late comes Counsell to be heard,

Where Will doth mutinie with Wittes regard.

Direct not him whose way himselfe will choose,

Tis breath thou lackst, and that breath thou wilt loose.

Gaunt. Mee thinks I am a Prophet new inspird,

And thus expiring, doe foretell of him;

His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last:

For violent fires soone burne out themselues,

Small showers last long, but sodaine stormes are short:

Hetires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes.

The Tragedie of

With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretreisse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall,
Oras a Moate defensiuie to a house,
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiuallrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it)
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds,
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life,
How happy then were my ensuing death;
Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

Enter the King and Queene, &c.

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt

Gaunt. O how that name befits my composition,
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old;
Within me griefe hath kept a tedious fast,
And who abstaines from meate, that is not gaunt?
For sleeping England, long time haue I watcht;
Watching breeds leanenesse, leanenesse is all gaunt:
The pleasure that some Fathers feede vppon,
Is my strickt fast, I meane my Childrens looks,
And therein, fasting hast thou made me gaunt,
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whose hollow wombe inherits nought but bones.

King. Can sicke men play so nicely with their names?

Gaunt. No, miserie makes sport to mocke it selfe.
Since thou dost seeke to kill my name in me,
O mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.

King. Should dying men flatter those that liue?

Gaunt. No, no, men liuing flatter those that die.

King. Thou now a dying sayst, thou flatterest me.

Gaunt. Oh no, thou diest, though I the sicker be.

King. I am in health, I breath, I see thee ill.

Gaunt. Now he that made me, knowes I see thee ill,
Ill in my selfe to see, and in thee seeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no lesse then the Land;
Wherein thou lyest in reputation sicke,
And thou too carelesse patient as thou art,
Commitst thy annoynted body to the cure
Of those Phisitions that first wounded thee:
A thousand Flatterers sit within thy Crowne,
Whose compasse is no bigger then thy head,
And yet enraged in so small a verge,
The waste is no whit lesse then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandfire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his Sonnes sonne should destroy his sonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue layd thy shame,
Deposing thee before thou wert posselt,
Which art posselt now to depose thy selfe.
Why Cousin wert thou regent of the world,
It were a shame to let this Land by Lease:

The Tragedie of

But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then shame to shame it so?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy state of law is bond-slaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Presuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Darest with thy frozen admonition,
Make pale our cheeke, chasing the Royall blood
With furie from his native residence,
Now by my Seates right Royall maiestie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* sonne,
This tongue that runnes so roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent shoulders.

Gaunt. Oh spare me not my brother *Edwards* sonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* sonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Hast thou rapt and drunkenly carowst:
My Brother *Glocester*, plaine well meaning soule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongst happy soules,
May be a president and witnesse good,
That thou respect'st not spilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioynewith the present sicknesse that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy shame, but die not shame with thee:
These words heereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die, that age and sullen haue,
For both hast thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beseech your Maiestie impute his words
To wayward sicklinesse and age in him:
Heloues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.

King. Right, you say true, as *Herford*, loue, so his:
As theirs, so mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt* commends him to your
King. What sayes hee? (Maiestie.

North. Nothing, all is sayd;

His tongue is now a stringlesse instrument,
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaster* hath spent.

Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that must be banckrout so,
Though Death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.

King. The ripest Fruite first fallcs and so doth he;
His time is spent, our pilgrimage must be:

So much for that. Now for our *Irish* Warres:
We must supplant those rough rug-headed kernes,
Which liue like venome, where no venome else

But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for these great affayres do aske some charge.

Towards our assistance we do seaze to vs,
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenues, and moueables
Whereof our Vnckle *Gaunt* did stand posselt.

Yorke. How long shall I be patient? Ah how long
Shall tender duetie make me suffer wrong?

Not *Glocesters* death, nor *Herfords* banishment,
Nor *Gaunts* rebukes, nor *Englands* priuate wrongs,

Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*
About his marriage, nor my owne disgrace,

Haue euer made me slower my patient checke,
Or bend one wrinkle on my Soueraignes face:

I am the last of the noble *Edwards* Sonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was first.

In Warre, was neuer Lion rage more fierce:
In Peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde

Then was that young and Princely Gentleman:
His face thou hast, for euen so lookt he,

Accomplisht with a number of thy houres;
But when he frowned, it was against the French,

And not against his Friendes: his noble hand
Did winne what he did spend, and spent not that

Which his triumphant Fathers hand had wonne:
His hands were guiltie of no kindred blood,

But bloody with the enemies of his kinne.

The Tragedie of

Oh *Richard!* *Yorke* is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleasd, not to be pardoned, am content withall:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banisht *Herford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Herford* liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iust? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take *Herfords* right away, and take from time,
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herfords* right,
Call in the Letters Patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offered homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegiance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his Land.

Yorke. Ile not be by the while, my Liege farewell,
What will ensue heereof, ther's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their events can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to *Elye* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and t'is time I trow;
And wee create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vnckle *Yorke*, Lord Gouvernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well:

Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if Iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

North. Nay speak thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of
If it be so, out with it boldly man, (Herford;
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good, to pittie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

North. Now afore God t'is shame such wrongs are borne
In him a Royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And dayly new exactions are deuisd,
As Blancks, Beneuolences, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?
Will. Warres hath not Wasted it; for Warr'd he hath not,
But basely yeilded vpon compromise,
That which his Noble Auncestors atchieud with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Will. The King's growne banckrout like a broken man.

The Tragedie of

North. Reproach and desolation hangeth ouer him.

Rosse. He hath not Money for these *Irish* Warres,
His burthenous taxations notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banisht Duke.

North. His noble kinsman most degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempest sing,
Yet seeke no shelter to auoyde the storme.
We see the Winde sit fore vpon our Sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Rosse. We see the very Wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

North. Not so, euen through the hollow eies of death,
I espie life peering; but I dare not say,
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

Rosse. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three are but thy selfe; and speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.

North. Then thus: I haue from *Le port blan*
(A Bay in *Britaine*) receiude intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Raynold* L. *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*
His Brother Archbishop late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Ramston*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Coines*.
All these wellfurnished by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall Ships, three thousand men of Warre,
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore,
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*:
If then we shall shake off our Countries slauish yoke,
Impe out our drowping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broken pawne the blemisht Crowne,
Wipe of the dust that hides our Scepters guilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to *Rauenstpurgh*:

But

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.

Rosse. To horse, to horse, vrge doubts to them that feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.

Exeunt.

Enter the Queene, Bushie, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiestie is too much sadde,
You promist when you parted with the King,
To lay aside halfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Queene. To please the King I did, to please my selfe
I cannot doo it; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as Griefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweete a guest,
As my sweete *Richard*: yet againe me thinks
Some vnborne Sorrow ripe in Fortunes wombe,
Is comming towards me and my inward Soule,
With nothing trembles, at some thing it grieues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.

Bush. Each substance of a griefe hath twenty shadowes.
Which shewes like griefe it selfe, but is not so:
For Sorrowes eyes glazed with blinding teares,
Deuides one thing entire to many obiects.
Like perspectiues, which rightly gazde vpon,
Shew nothing but confusion, eyde awry,
Distinguish forme: so your sweete Maiestie,
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Find shapes of griefe more then himselfe to waile,
Which lookt on as it is, is naught but shadowes
Of what it is not, then thrice (gracious *Queene*)
More then your Lords departure weepe not, more is not:
Or if it be, tis with false Sorrowes eyes, (scene,
Which for things true, weepes things imaginarie.

Queene. It may be so, but yet my inward Soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heauie sad,
As though on thinking on, no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heauie nothing faint and shrink,

Bush. Tis nothing but conceite (my gracious Lady.)

Queene. Tis nothinglesse, Conceite is still deriude
From some forefather Griefe, mine is not so;
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve,
Tis in reuerfion that I doe poffesse:
But what it is, thar is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, tis namelesse woe I wor.

Greene. God saue your Maiestie, & well met gentlemen,
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.

Queene. Why hopest thou so? tis better hope he is,
For his designs craue hast, his hast good hope:
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Greene. That he our hope might haue retirde his power
And driuen into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land,
The banisht *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with vplifted armes is safe ariude at *Rauenfporgh*.

Queene. Now God in heauen forbid.

Greene. Ah Madam, tis too true; and that is worse:
The Lord Northumberland, his young Son H. Percie,
The Lords of Rosse, Beaumont, and Willoughbie,
With all their powerfull friends, are fled to him.

Bush. Why haue you not proclaimed Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolting faction, traytours?

Greene. We haue, wherevpon the Earle of Worcester,
Hath broke his Staffe, resignd his Stewardship,
And all the household seruants fled with him to *Bullingbrooke*.

Queene. So Greene, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And Bullingbrooke, my sorrowes dismall heire:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioynd.

Bush. Dispaire not Madam.

Queene. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire and be at enmitie
With couetous hope, he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,

Who

Who gently would dissolue the bands of life,
Which false hope lingers in extremitie.

Greene. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Queene. With signes of Warre about his aged necke:
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vnckle, for Gods sake speake comfortable words.

Yorke. Should I do so, I should bely my thoughts,
Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care, and griefe.
Your Husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loose at home:
Heere am I left to vnderprop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe.
Now comes the sicke houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he trie his friends that flattered him.

Seruing. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came,

Yorke. He was, why so; go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will (I feare) reuolt on *Herfords* side.
Sirra, get thee to Plashie to my sister Gloucester,
Bid her send me presently a thousand Pound,
Hold take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot to tell your Lordship,
To day I came by and called there;
But I shall grieue you to report the rest.

Yorke. What's't knaue.

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutchesse died.

Yorke. God for his mercy! what a tide of woes
Comes rushing on this woefull Land at once?
I know not what to doe: I would to God
(So my vntruth had not prouokt him to it)
The King had cut of my head with my brothers.
What, are there two Posts dispatcht for Ireland?
How shall we doe for money for these Warres?
Come Sister, Coosin I would say; pray pardon me:
Goe fellow, get thee home, prouide some Carts.
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you goe muster men?

If I know how or which way to order these affayres,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Neuer belecue mee : both are my kinsmen ;
T'one is my Souerainge, whome both my oath
And dutie bids defend : t'other againe,
Is my kinsman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom Conscience and my Kindred bids to right.
Well, somewhat we must doe : come Coosin,
Ile dispose of you : Gentlemen, goe muster vp your men,
And meete me presently at Barckly :
I should to Plashie too, but time will not permit :
All is vneuen, and every thing is left at fixe and seauen.

Exeunt Duke, & Queene : manent Bushie and Greene.

Bush. The Wind sits faire for newes to go for Ireland,
But none returns. For vs to leuie power
Proportionable to the enemye, is all vnpossible.

Greene. Besides, our neerenesse to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of those loue not the King.

Bag. And that is the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their Purfes, and who so empties them,
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate.

Bush. Wherein the King stands generally condemn'd,

Bag. If iudgement lie in them, then so do we,
Because we euer haue been neere the King.

Greene. Well, I will for refuge straight to Brist. Castle,
The Earle of Wiltshire is already there.

Bush. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Excepr like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces :
Will you goe along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maiestie :
Farewell, if hearts presages be not vaine,
We three heere part, that neere shall meete againe.

Bush. Thats as Yorke thriues to beat backe Bullingbrooke

Greene. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes,
Is numbring Sands, and drinking Oceans dry,
Where one on his side fights, thousands will fle :
Farewell at once, for once, for all and euer.

Bush.

Richard the Second.

Bush. Well, weemay meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer.

Enter Hereford: Northumberland.

Bull. How farre is it my Lord to Barckly now?

North. Belecue me noble Lord,
I am a stranger in Gloucestershire,
These high wild hills and rough vneuen wayes,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearisome,
And yet your faire discourse hath beene as sugar,
Making the hard way sweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me what a wearie way,
From Rauenspurgh to Cotshall will be found,
In *Rosse* and *Willoughby* wanting your company,
Which I protest hath very much beguild
The tediousnesse and procelse of my trauell:
But theirs is sweetened with the hope to haue
The present benefite that I possesse,
And hope to ioy is little lesse in ioy,
Then hope inioyed: by this the wearie Lords
Shall make their way seeme short, as mine hath done,
By sight of what I haue, your noble companie.

Bul. Of much lesse value is my company,
Then your good words. But who comes heere?

Enter Harry Percie.

North. It is my sonne, young *Harrie Percie*,
Sent from my brother Worcester whensoever:

Harry, how fares your Vnckle? (of you)

Per. I had thought my Lord to haue learned his health

North. Why? is he not with the Queene?

H. Per. No my good Lord, he hath forlooke the Court,
Broken his staffe of office, and disperst
The household of the King.

North. What was his reason? he was not so resolu'd,
When last we spake together.

H. Per. Because your Lordship was proclaimed traitour;
But he my Lord, is gone to Rauenspurgh,
To offer seruice to the Duke of *Herford*,
And sent me ouer by Barckly to discover,

The Tragedie of

What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with directions ; to repaire to Rauenspurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of *Herford*, boy ?

H. Per. No my good Lord for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember, to my knowledge
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now, this is the Duke.

H. P. My gracious Lord, I tender you my seruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder daies shall ripen and confirme
To more approued seruice and defart.

Bul. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be sure,
I count my selfe in nothing else so happy,
As in a soule remembring my good friends :
And as my fortune ripens with thy loue,
It shall be still thy true loues recompence,
My heart this couenant makes, my hand thus seales it.

North. How farre is it to *Barkley*, and what sturre
Keepes good old Yorke therewith his men of Warre ?

H. P. There stands the Castle by yon tuft of trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard :
And in it are the Lords of Yorke, *Barkley*, and *Seymor*,
None else of name and noble estimation.

Nor. Here come the Lords of *Rosse* and *Willoughby*,
Bloudy with spurring, fierie red with haile.

Bul. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue pursues
A banisht Traitor : all my treasurie
Is yet but vnfelt thanks, which more enricht,
Shall be your loue and labours recompence.

Rosse. Your presence makes vs rich, most noble Lord.

Wil. And farre surmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thanks, the Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant fortune comes to yeares,
Stands for my bounty : but who comes heere ?

Nor. It is my Lord of *Barkley*, as I guesse.

Barck. My Lord of *Herford*, my message is to you.

Bul. My Lord, my answer is to *Lancaster*,
And I am come to seeke that name in England,

And.

And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to ought you say.

Bark. Mistake me not my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To race one title of your honour out:
To you my Lord I come, what Lord you will,
From the most glorious of this land,
The Duke of *Yorke*, to know what pricks you on,
To take aduantage of the absent time,
And fright our natiue peace with selfe-borne Armes?

Bul. I shall not need transport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in person: My noble Vnckle!

Yorke. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duety is deceiueable and false.

Bul. My gracious Vnckle!

Yorke. Tut, tut, grace me no grace, nor Vnckle me no
I am no traitours Vnckle; and that word Grace (Vnckle,
In an vngracions mouth, is but prophane:
Why haue those banisht and forbidden legs
Darde once to touch a dust of *Englands* ground?
But more then why? Why haue they darde to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull bosome,
Frying her pale-facde Villages with Warre,
And ostentation of despised Armes?
Comst thou because th'annoyned King is hence?
Why foolish boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall bosome lies his power:
Were I but now Lord of such hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt* thy Father, and thy selfe,
Rescued the Blacke Prince that young *Mars* of men,
From soorth the rancks of many thousands French,
O then how quickly should this arme of mine,
Now prisoner to the Paulsey, chastise thee,
And minister correction to thy fault!

Bul. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my fault,
On what condition stands it, and wherein?

Yorke. Euen in condicion of the worst degree,
In grosse rebellion, and detested treason:
Thou art a banisht man, and heere art come,

The Tragedie of

Before the Expiration of thy time,
In brauing armes against my Soueraigne.

Bul. As I was banisht, I was banisht *Herford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaster*:
And noble Vnckle, I beseech your grace,
Looke on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, or me thinks in you
I see old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then Father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering Vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluckt from my Armes perforce, and giuen away
To Vpstart Vnthrifts? wherefore was I borne?
If that my Coosin King, be King of England,
It must be graunted I am Duke of Lancaster:
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my noble Coosin,
Had you first died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He should haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the Bay.
I am denied to sue my liuerie heere,
And yet my letters patents giue me leaue.
My fathers goods are all distrain'd and sold,
And these, and all, are all amisse employed.
What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And I challenge Law; Atturnies are denide me,
And therefore personally I lay my claime
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble Duke hath been too much abused.

Rosse. It stands your Grace vpon, to do him right.

Will. Base men by his endowments are made great.

Yorke. My Lords of England, let me tell you this;
I haue had feeling of my Coosins wrongs,
And laboured all I could to do him right;
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong, it may not be:
And you that do abette him in this kind,
Cherish Rebellion, and are Rebels all.

North. The noble Duke hath sworne, his comming is.

But a

But for his owne; and for the Right of that,
We all haue strongly sworne to giue him ayde:
And let him ne're see ioy that breakes that oath.

Yorke. Well, well, I see the issue of these Armes;
I cannot mend it, I must needs confesse,
Because my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you stoope
Vnto the Soueraigne mercy of the King:
But since I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I do remaine as newter; so fare you well,
Vnlesse you please to enter in the Castle,
And there repose you for this night.

Bul. An offer Vnckle that we will accept,
But we must winne your Grace to go with vs
To *Bristow* Castle, which they say is held
By *Bushie*, *Bagot*, and their complices,
The Caterpillers of the Common-wealth;
Which I haue sworne to weede and plucke away.

Yorke. It may be I will go with you; but yet ile pause,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor friends, nor foes, to me welcome you are,
Things past redresse, are now with me past care.

Enter Earle of of Salisburie, and a Welch Captaine.

Welch. My Lord of *Salisburie*, we haue staide ten daies,
And hardly kept our Countrymen together;
And yet we heare no tidings from the King,
Therefore we will disperse our selues: farewell.

Salis. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welchman,
The King reposeth all his confidence in thee.

Welch. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not stay,
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are withered,
And Meteors fright the fixed starres of heauen:
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the earth,
And leane-look't Prophets whisper fearefull change,
Rich men lookc sadde, and Ruffians daunce and leape,
The one in feare to loose what they enioy.

The other to enioy by rage and Warre.
These signes fore-run the death of Kings,
Farewell, our Countrimen are gone and fled,
As well assured *Richard* their King is dead.

Sal. Ah *Richard*! with eies of heauie mind,
I see thy glorie like a shooting starre,
Fall to the base earth from the firmament,
Thy sunne sets, weeping in the lowly West,
Witnessing stormes to come, woe and vnrest:
Thy friends are fled to waite vpon thy foes,
And crossely to thy good all fortune goes.

Enter the Duke of Herford, Yorke, Northumberland,

Busbie and Greene Prisoners,

Bul. Bring forth these men.

Busbie and Greene, I will not vex your soules
Since presently your soules must part your bodies,
With two much vrging your pernicious liues,
For t'were no charitie; yet to wash your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold some causes of your death,
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in blood and lineaments,
By you vnhappyed and disfigured cleane,
You haue in manner with your sinfull howres,
Made a diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the profession of a Royall bed,
And staine the beautie of a fayre Queenes cheekes,
With teares drawne from her eies with your foule wrongs,
My selfe a Prince by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till they did make him mis-interpret me,
Haue stoopt my necke vnder your iniuries,
And sigh'd my English breath in forren clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of banishment,
While you haue fedde vpon my seignories,
Dispart my Parkes, and feld my Forrest woods,
From mine owne windowes torne my household coate,
Ract out my impresse, leauing me no signe,

Richard the Second.

Saue mens opinions, and my living blood,
To shew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemns you to the death : see them deliuered ouer
To execution and the hand of death.

Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to *England* : Lords farewell.

Greene. My comfort is, that heauen will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.

Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatcht :
Vnckle, you say, the Queene is at your house,
For Gods sake fairelie let her be entreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends,
Take speciall care my greetings be deliuered.

Yorke. A Gentleman of mine I haue dispatcht
With letters of your loue to her at large.

Bull. Thanks (gentle Vnckle :) come Lords, away,
To fight with *Glendor* and his complices,
A while to worke, and after holiday.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Aumerle, Carlile, &c.

King. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?

Au. Yeamy Lord ; how brook's your Grace the ayre.
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?

King. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy,
To stand vpon my kingdome once againe
Deare earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels mound thee with their Horses hooves :
As along parted mother with her Child,
Plaies fondlie with her teares, and smiles in meeting :
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee my earth,
And doe thee fauour with my royall hands,
Feede not thy Soueraignes foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his rauenous sence,
But let thy Spiders, that sucke vp thy venome,
And heauie gated Toads lie in their way,
Dooing annoyance to the trecherous secte,
Which with vsurping steps do trample thee :

Yeelds.

Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from my bosome plucke a flower,
Guard it I pray thee with a lurking Adder,
Whose double tongue may with a mortall touch,
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes enemies:
Mocke not my senslesse coniuration Lords:
This earth shall haue a feeling, and these stones
Prooue armed Souldiers ere her native King
Shall salter vnder foule rebellious armes.

Carl. Feare not my Lord, that power that made you king,
Hath power to keepe you King in spite of all;
The meanes that heauens yeeld must be imbract
And not neglected. Else heauen would,
And we would not; heauens offer, we refuse
The pooffered meanes of succours and redresse.

Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remisse,
Whilst *Bullingbrooke*, through our securitie,
Growes strong and great in substance and in power.

King. Discomfortable Coosin, knowst thou not,
That when the searching eie of heauen is hid
Behind the globe that lights the lower world,
Then theeues and robbers range abroad vnsene,
In murders, and in outrage bloodie heere,
But when from vnder his terrestriall ball,
He fires the proud tops of the easterne pines,
And darts his light through euery guilty hole;
Then murders, treasons, and detested sinnes,
The cloake of night being pluckt from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked trembling at themselves:
So when this thiefe, this traitour *Bullingbrooke*;
Who all this while hath reuel'd in the night,
Whilst we were wandring with the Antipodets,
Shall see vs rising in our throne the East,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But selfe affrighted, trembled at his sinnes,
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea,
Can wash the balme off from an annoynted King.

The breath of worldly men can cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord,
For every man that *Bullingbrooke* hath prest
To lift shrewd Steele against our golden Crowne,
God for his *Richard* hath in heavenly pay,
A glorious Angel: then if Angels fight,
Weake men must fall, for heauen still guards the right.

Enter Salish.

King. Welcome my Lord: how farre off lies your power?

Salish. Nor neere, nor farthar off, my gracious Lord:
Than this weake arme; discomfort guides my tongue.
And bids me speake of nothing but Despaire,
One day too late, I feare, my noble Lord
Hath clouded all thy happy daies on earth,
O call backe yesterday, bid Time returne,
And thou shalt haue twelue thousand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappy day, too late,
Ouerthrowes thy ioyes, friends, fortune, and thy state:
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, disperst, and fled. (pale?)

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, why looks your Grace so

King. But now the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reason to looke pale and dead?
All soules that will be safe, flie from my side,
For Time hath set a blot vpon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my Liege, remember who you are.

King. I had forgot my selfe, Am I not King?
Awake thou coward, Maiestie thou sleepest,
Is not the Kings name twenty thousand names?
Arme, arme, my name a puny subiect strikes
At thy great glory, looke not to the ground,
Yee fauourites of a King, are we not high?
High be our thoughts, I know my Vnckle *Yorke* (here?)
Hath power enough to serue our turne: but who comes

Enter Scroope.

Scroope. More health and happinellse betide my Liege,
F
Ther

The Tragedie of

Then can my care tunde tongue deliuer him.

King. Mine care is open, and my heart prepard,
The worst is worldly losse thou canst vnfold.

Say, is my kingdome lost? Why twas my care,
And what losse is it to be rid of care?

Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as great as wee?

Greater he shall not be: if he serue God,

Weele serue him too, and be his fellow so.

Reuolt our Subiects? that we cannot mend,

They breake their faith to God as well as vs:

Crie woe, destruction, ruine, and decay,

The worst is death, and death will haue his day.

Scroo. Glad am I, that your Highnesse is so armd

To beare the tidings of calamitie,

Like an vnseasonable stormie day,

Which make the siluer Riuers drown their showers,

As if the world were all dissolud to teares,

So high aboue his limits swels the rage

Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull land

With hard bright steele, and hearts harder then steele?

White beards haue armd their thinne and hairelesse scalps

Against thy Maiestie: and boyes with womens voyces

Striue to speake bigge, and clap their female ioynts

In stiffe vnwildie armes, against thy Crowne,

Thy very beards-men learne to bend their browes,

Of double fatall woe against thy state.

Yeadistaffe women mannage rustie billes:

Against thy seate both young and old rebell,

And all goes worse then I haue power to tell.

King. To well, to well thou telst a tale so ill.

Where is the Earle of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?

What is become of Bushie? where is Greene?

That they haue let the dangerous enemy

Measure our confines with such peacefull steps.

If we preuaile, their heads shall pay for it:

I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scro. Peace haue they made with him indeed my Lord.

King. Oh Villaines, vipers, damnd without redemption,

Dogs

Dogs easily wonne to fawne on any man.

Snakes in my heart blood warnd, that sting my heart;

Three Iudas'es, each one thrice worse then Iudas,

Would they make peace? terrible hell

Make warre vpon their spotted soules for this.

Scro. Sweete Ioue's (I see) changing: his property

Turnes to the sowrest and most deadlie hate.

Againe vncurse their soules, their peace is made

With head, and not with hands, those whom you curse

Haue felt the worst of deaths destroying wound,

And lie full low grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushie, Greene, & the Earle of Wiltshire dead?

Scro. Yea, all of them at Bristow lost their heads.

Au. Where is the Duke my father with his power?

King. No matter where, of comfort no man speake.

Lets talke of graues, of wormes, and Epitaphs,

Make dust our paper, and with rainie eyes

Write sorrow on the bosome of the earth,

Lets choose Executors and talke of wils:

And yet not so, for what can we bequeath,

Saue our deposed bodies to the ground?

Our lands, our liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,

And nothing can we call our owne, but death,

And that small modell of the barren earth,

Which serues as past and couer to our bones.

For Gods sake let vs sit vpon the ground?

And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,

How some haue beene deposde, some slaine in warre,

Some haunted by the ghosts they haue deposde,

Some poysoned by their wiues, some sleeping kild,

All murthered: for within the hollow Crowne

That rounds the mortall temples of a King,

Keepes death his Court, and there the antique sits,

Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pompe,

Allowing him a breath, a little sceane,

To Monarchise, be feard, and kill with looks,

Infusing him with selfe and vaine conceit,

As if this flesh which walles about our life,

Were Brasse impregnable : and humord thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his Castle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not flesh and blood,
With solemne reuerence throw away respect,
Tradition, forme, and cérimonious dutie,
For you haue but mistooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feeble want,
Tast grieve, need friends : subiected thus,
How can you say to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wise-men ne're sit and waile their woes
But presently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, since feare oppresseth strength,
Giues in your weakenesse strength vnto your foe,
And so your follies fight against your selfe :
Feare, and be slaine, no worse can come to fight :
And fight and die, is death destroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death seruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidst me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome :
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
A easie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say Scroope, Where lies our Vnckle with his power ?
Speake sweetly man, although thy lookes be sower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The state and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye :
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to say,
I play the torturer by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken :
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Castles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou hast sayd enough :
Besheue thee Cousin which didst lead me forth

Of that sweet way I was in to dispaire.
What say you now? What comfort haue we now?
By heauen I hate him euerlastingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more,
Goe to Flint Castle, there ile pine away,
A King woes slaue, shall kingly woe obey:
That power I haue; discharge, and let them go
To eare the Land that hath some hope to grow:
For I haue none; let no man speake againe
To alter this, for counsell is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue:
Discharge my followers, let them hence away,
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire day.

Enter Bull. Yorke, North.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne,
The Welchmen are dispearit, and Salisbury
Is gone to meete the King, who lately landed
With some few priuate friends, vpon this coast.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord:
Richard not farre from hence hath hid his head.

Yorke. It would be seeme the Lord *Northumberland*,
To say, King *Richard*, alacke the heauie day,
When such a sacred King, should hide his head.

North. Your Grace mistakes; onely to be brieft,
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, should you hane bin so brieft with
He would haue bin so brieft to shorten you, (him)
For taking so the head, your whole heads length.

Bul. Mistake not (Vnckle) further then you should.

Yorke. Takenot (good Cousin) further then you should
Least you mistake the heauens are ouer your heads.

Bul. I know it Vnckle, and oppose not my sefe
Against their willes. But, who comes heere? *Enter Percy.*
Welcome *Harry*: What, will not this Caste yeeld?

Hen. Per. The Caste is Royally mand my Lord.
Against thy entrance.

Bull. Royally, why it containes no King.

H. Per. Yes (my good Lord)

It doth containe a King, King *Richard* lies

With the limits of yon lime and stone;

And with him the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisburie*,

Sir *Stephen Scroope*, besides a Cleargie man

Of holie reuerence, who I cannot learne.

North. Oh belike it is the Bishop of *Carleile*.

Bul. Noble Lords,

Go to the rude ribbes of that ancient Castle,

Through brasen Trumpet send the breath of parlee

Into his ruinde eares, and thus deliuer.

H. Bul. on both his knees, doth kisse king *Richards* hand.

And sends alleageance and true faith of heart

To his Royall person; hither come

Euen at his feete, to lay my armes and power:

Prouided, that my banishment repeald,

And lands restored againe be freely graunted;

If not, ile vse the aduantage of my power,

And lay the summers dust with showres of blood,

Raind from the wounds of slaughtered Englinshmen

The which, how far off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*

It is, such chrimson tempest should be drencht,

The fresh greene lap of faire King *Richards* land,

My stooping dutie tenderlie shall shew.

Go signifie as much, while here we march

Vpon the grassie carpet of this plaine;

Lets march without the noyse of threatening drumme,

That from this Castles tattered battlements,

Our faire appointments may be well perusd.

Me thinks King *Richard* and my selfe should meete

With no lesse terroure then the Elements

Of Fire and Water, when their thundring smoake,

At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of heauen.

Be he the Fire, He be the yeelding Water;

The rage be his, whilst on the earth I raigue

My Water's on the earth, and not on him:

March on, and marke King *Richard* how he looks.

The Trumpet sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See, see, King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious clouds are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.

Yorke. Yet lookes he like a King, behold his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens foorth
Controlling Maiestie; alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.

King. We are amazd, and thus long haue we stood,
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe the lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull dutie to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismiss vs from our Stewardship:
For well we know, no hand of blood and bone,
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe:
And though you thinke that all as you haue done,
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my Maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalfe,
Armies of Pestilence, and they shall strike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That list your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke* (for yon me thinks he stands)
That euerie stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason: he is come to open
The purple Testament of bleeding Warre:
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of Mayd-pale peace,

To

To scarlet indignation, and bedew

Our pastors graisse with faithfull English blood.

North. The King of Heauen forbid, our Lord the king
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes
Be rusht vpon. Thy thrise noble Coosin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your royall Grandfires bones,
And by the Royalties of both your bloods
Carrents that spring from one most gracious head,
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed Steeds to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiestie.
This sweares he, as he is a Prince iust:
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.

King. *Northumberland*, say thus: the King returnes
His noble Coosin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds
Shall be accomplit without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou hast;
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends:
We doe debase our selues (*Coosin*) doe wee not?
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe *Northumberland*, and send
Defiance to the Traitor, and so die?

Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpfull swords.

King. Oh God, oh God that ere this tongue of mine,
That laid the sentence of dread banishment
On you proud man, should take it off againe,
With words of sooth! Oh that I were as great,

Richard the Second.

As is my griefe, or lesser then my name !
Or that I could forget what I haue been !
Or not remember what I must be now !
Swellst thou (proud heart,) Ile giue thee scope to beat,
Since foes haue scope to beat both thee and mee.

Aum. Northumberland comes backe from Bullingbrooke.

King. What must the King do now? must he submit?

The King shall do it: Must he be deposde?

The King shall be contented: Must he loose

The name of a King? a Gods name let it goe:

Ile giue my jewels for a set of Beades:

My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage:

My gay Apparell, for an Almes-mans Gowne:

My figurde Goblets, for a dish of Wood:

My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe:

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints:

And my large Kingdome, for a little Craue;

A little little Graue, an obscure Graue,

Or, ile be buried in the Kings hie way,

Some way of common trade, where subiects feete

May hourelly trample on their Soueraignes head;

For on my heart they tread now whilst I liue:

And buried once, why not vpon my head?

Aumerle, thou weepst (my tender-hearted Coosin)

Weele make foule weather with despised teares;

Our sighes, and they, shall lodge the summer corne,

And make a dearth in this reuolting land:

Or shall we play the wantons with our woes,

And make some pretty match with sheading teares,

And thus to drop them still vpon one place,

Till they haue fretted vs a paire of Graues

Within the earth: and therein layde; their lies

Two kinsmen dig'd their Graues with weeping eyes?

Would not this ill doe well? well well I see,

I talke but idley, and you laugh at mee.

Most mighty Prince, my Lord *Northumberland,*

What sayes King *Bullingbrooke*, will his Maiestie

Giue *Richard* leaue to liue till *Richard* die?

The Tragedie of

You make a legge, and Bullingbrooke sayes I.

North. My Lord, in the base court he doth attend,
To speake with you : may it please you to come downe.

King. Downe, downe I come, like glistering *Phaeton*,
Wanting the mannage of vnruely Iades.

In the base court, base court where Kings grow base,
To come at Traytors calles, and do them grace.

In the base court come downe: downe court, downe King
For night-owles shreewe where mounting larks should sing

Bull. What sayes his Maiestie?

North. Sorrow and grieve of heart,
Makes him speake fondly like a franticke man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And shew faire dutie to his Maiestie: *He kneeles downe.*
My gracious Lord.

King. Faire Coosin you debase your Princely knee,
To make the base earth proud with kissing it:
Me rather had my heart might feelee your loue,
Then my vnpleased eye see your curtellie:
Vp Coosin vp, your heart is vp I know,
Thus high at least, although your knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

King. Your owne is yours, and I am yours and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my most redoubted Lord,
As my true seruice shall deserue your loue.

King. Well you deserue: they well deserue to haue,
That know the strong'st and surest way to get.

Vnckle, giue me your hands; nay dry your eyes,
Teares shew their loue, but want their remedies.

Coosin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be Heyre;
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing too:
For doe we must, what force will haue vs do:
Set on towards London, Coosin is it so?

Bull. Yeamy good Lord.

King. Then I must not say no.

Exeunt.
Enter.

Richard the Second.

Enter the Queene with her attendants.

Que. What sport shall we deuise heere in this garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of care?

Lady. Madam weele play at bowles.

Que. T will make me thinke the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the bias.

Lady. Madam weele daunce.

Que. My legs can keepe no measure in delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in grieve:
Therefore no dauncing girle, some other sport.

Lady. Madam weele tell tales,

Que. Of sorrow or of grieve?

Lady. Of either Madam.

Que. Of neither girle,
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of grieve, being altogether sadd,
It addes more sorrow to my want of ioy:
For what I haue I neede not to repeate,
And what I want it bootes not to complaine.

Lady. Madam ile sing.

Que. Tis well that thou hast cause,
But thou shouldst please me better wouldst thou weepe.

Lady. I could weepe Madam, would it do you good.

Quee. And I could sing would weeping do me good,
And neuer borow any teare of thee.

But stay, heere commeth the Gardiners,

Lets step into the shadow of these trees.

My wretchednesse vnto a row of pines.

They will talke of state, for euery one doth so,

Against a change woe is fore-runne with woe,

Enter Gardiners.

Gard. Goe bind thou vp yon dangling Apricockes,
Which like vnruely children make their fire

Stoope with oppression of their prodigall weight:

Giue some supportance to the bending twigs.

Goe thou, and like an executioner

The Tragedie of

Cut off the heads of two fast growing sprays,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All must be euen in our gouernment.

You thus imployde, I will goe roote away
The noysome Weedes that without profit sucke
The soyles fertilitie from holsome Flowers.

Man. Why should we in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe law and forme, and due proportion,
Shewing in a modell our firme estate,
When our sea-walled Garden, the whole Land
Is full of Weedes; her fairest Flowers choakt vp,
Her fruit trees all vnprund her hedges ruinde,
Her Knots disordered, and her holsome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers,

Gard. Hold thy peace,
He that hath suffred this disordered Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the fall of Lease:
The Weedes that his broade spreading Leaues did shelter,
That seemde in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are puld vp, roote and all, by *Bullingbrooke*:
I meane the Earle of *Wiltshire*, *Bushie*, *Greene*.

Man. What, are they dead?

Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath seizd the wastfull King.
Oh what pittie it is, that he had not so trimde
And drest his Land; as we this Garden, at time of yeere
Do wound the barke, the skinne of our fruit trees,
Least being ouer-proud with sappe and blood,
With too much riches it confound it selfe.
Had he done so, to great and growing men,
They might haue liude to beare, and he to taste
Their fruites of duetie: superfluous branches
Weloppe away, that bearing boughes may line:
Had he done so, himselfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waste of idle houres hath quite throwne downe.

Man. What, thinke you the King shall be deposde?

Gard. Deprest he is already, and deposde

Tis, doubt he will be. Letters came last night
To a deare friend of the Duke of *Yorke*,
That tell blacke tidings.

Queen. Oh! I am prest to death through want of speaking
Thou old *Adams* likenes set to dresse this Garden,
How dares thy harsh rude tongue sound this vnpleasing
What *Eue*? What *Serpent* hath suggested thee, (newes;
To make a second fall of cursed man?

Why dost thou say King *Richard* is deposde?
Dart thou, thou little better thing then earth
Diuine his downe fall? Say, where, when, and how
Camst thou by this ill tidings? speake thou wretch?

Gard. Pardon me Madam, little ioy haue I
To breath these newes, yet what I say is true:
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*: their fortunes both are weyde.
In your Lo. scale, is nothing but himselfe,
And some few vanities that make him light:
But in the ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Besides himselfe, are all the English Peeres,
And with that oddes, he wheighes King *Richard* downe.
Post you to London, and you will finde it so;
I speake no more then euery one doth know.

Queen. Nimble Mischaunce, that art so light of foote,
Doth not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knowes it? Oh thou thinkest
To serue me last, that I may longest keepe
Thy sorrow in my breast: come Ladyes, goe
To meete at London, Londons King in woe.
What, was I borne to this, that my sadd looke,
Should grace the triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*?
Gardner, for telling me these newes of woe,
Pray God the plants thou graftst may neuer grow. *Exit*

Gard. Poore Queene, so that thy state might be no worse.
I would my skill were subiect to thy curse,
Heere did she drop a teare, heere in this place,
Ille set a bancke of Rew, sowre Hearbe-of-grace:

The Tragedie of

Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene.

Exeunt.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call, foorth Bagot.

Enter Bagot.

Now Bagot, freely speake thy mind,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The Bloodie office of his timelesse end?

Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord *Aumerle*.

Bull. Coosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.

Bagot. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue,
Scornes to vsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Coosins death.

Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainer of his slaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuell seale of death,
That markes the cout for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.

Bull. Bagot, forbear, thou shalt not take it vp.

Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathie,
There is my gage *Aumerle*, in gage to thine;

By

Richard the Second.

By that faire Sunne that shewes me where thou standst,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spakst it,
That thou wert cause of noble Glocesters death:
If thou deniest it twentie times, thou lyest,
And I will turne thy fallhood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my Rapiers poynt.

Aum. Thou darst not (coward) liue I to see the day.

Fitz. Now by my soule, I would it were this houre.

Aum. Fitzwaters, thou art damnd to hell for this.

L. Per. Aumerle, thou liest, his honour is as true,
In this appeale, as thou art all vniust,
And that thou art so, there I throw my gage,
To prooue it on thee to the extreamest poynt
Of mortall breathing, seize it if thou dar'st.

Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandish more reuengefull Steele
Ouer the glittering helmet of my foe.

Another L. I take the earth to the like (forswone *Aumerle*),
And spur thee on with full as many lies,
As it may be hollowed in thy trecherous eare
From sinne to sinne: there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou dar'st.

Aum. Who sets me else? by heauen Ile throw at all,
I haue a thousand spirits in one breast,
To answere twenty thousand such as you.

Sur. My Lord Fitzwater, I do remember well
The verie time *Aumerle* and you did talke.

Fitz. Tis very true, you were in presene then,
And you can witnesse with me this is true.

Sur. As false by heauen, as heauen it selfe is true.

Fitz. Surrie, thou liest.

(sword.)

Sur. Dishonorable boy, that ly shall ly so heauie on my
That it shall render vengeance and reuenge
Till thou the lie-giuer, and that lie do lie,
In earth as quiet as thy Fathers scull.
In prooffe whereof there is my honours pawne,
Ingage it to the tryall if thou dar'st.

The Tragedie of

Fitz. How fondly dost thou spurre a forward horse.
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breath, or liue,
I dare meet Surry in a Wildernesse,
And spit vpon him whilst I say he lyes,
And lyes, and lyes: there is my bond of Fayth,
To tie thee to my strong correction:
As I intend to thrue in this new world,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true appeale.
Besides, I heare the banished *Norffolke* say:
That thou *Aumerle* didst send two of thy men
To execute the noble Duke of *Calice*.

Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes, heere do I throw downe this,
If he may be repeald to try his honour?

Bull. These differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeald; repeald he shall be,
And Though mineemie, restor'd againe
To all his Lands and Signories: when he is return'd,
Against *Aumerle* we will inforce his triall.

Carl. That honorable day shall neuer be seene:
Many a time hath banisht *Norfolke* fought
For Iesus Christ, in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the Ensigne of the Christian crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens,
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retir'd himselfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to a pleasant countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose colours he had fought so long.

Bull. Why Bishop, is *Norffolke* dead?

Carl. As sure as I liue, my Lord.

Bull. Sweet peece conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good old Abraham: Lords appellants,
Your differences shall all rest vnder gage,
Till we asigne you to your dayes of triall.

Enter Yorke,

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaster, I come to thee,
From

Richard the Second.

From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the possession of thy royall hand:
Ascend his Throne, descending now from him,
And long liue *Henrie*, fourth of that name.

Bul. In Gods name, Ile ascend the Regall throne.

Carl. Mary God forbid.

Worst in this Royall presence I may speake:
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth:
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright Iudge
Of noble *Richard*: Then true noblenesse would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong.
What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
And who sits heere that is not *Richards* subiect?
Theeues are not iudged, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them:
And shall the figure of Gods Maiestie,
His Captaine, Steward, deputie, elect,
Annoited, crowned, planted many yeares,
Be iudg'd by subiect and inferior breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian Climate soules refine,
Should shew so hainous blacke obscene a deede.
I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of *Hereford* here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitor to proud *Herefords* King,
And if you Crowne him, let me prophesie,
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace shall goe sleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this seate of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound:
Disorder, horror, feare and mutinie,
Shall heere inhabit, and this land be cald
The field of Golgotha and dead mens skuls.

Oh if you raise this house against his house,
It will the wofullest diuision prooue,
That euer fell vpon this curled earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Least child, childs children crie against you woe.

North. Well haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capitall treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely till his day of triall.
May it please you Lords, to graunt the common suite,
Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may surrender, so we shall proceed without suspition.

Yorke. I will be his conduct.

Bul. Lords, you that are here, are vnder our arrest,
Procure your Sureties for your daies of answer;
Little are we beholding to your loue.
And little looke for at your helping hands.

Enter King Richard

Rich. Alackewhy am I sent for to a King,
Before I haue shooke off the regall thoughts
Wherewith I raignd; I hardlie yet haue learnt
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my limbes?
Giue sorrow leaue a while to tutor me to this submission:
Yet I well remember the fauours of these men,
Were they not mine? did they not sometimes crie al haile
To me? so *Indas* did to *Christ*; but he in twelue,
Found truth in all but one; I in twelue thousand none:
God saue the King, will no man say Amen:
Am I both Priest and Clarke; well then, Amen.
God saue the King, although I be not hee,
And yet Amen, if heauen do thinke him mee:
To do what seruice am I sent for hither:

Yorke. To do that office of thine owne good will,
Which tired Maiestie did make thee offer;
The resignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Harry Bullingbrooke*.

Rich. Seazethe Crowne.

Heere Cousin, on this side my hand, & on that side yours:
Now is this golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets filling one an other,
The emptier euer dauncing in the ayre,
The other downe vnseene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of teares, am I,
Drinking my griefe, whilst you mount vp on high.

Bul. I thought you had been willing to resigne?

Ric. My Crowne I am, but still my griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depose,
But not my Griefes, still am I King of those.

Bul. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crown.

Rich. Your cares ser vp, do not plucke my cares down:
My care is losse of care, by old care done,
Your care is gaine of care by new care won:
The cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They tend the Crowne, yet still with me they stay.

Bul. Are you contented to resigne the Crowne?

Rich. I, no no I; for, I must nothing bee;
Therefore no no, for I resigne to thee,
Now marke me how I will vndoe my selfe:
I giue this heauie waight from off my head,
And this vnweildie Scepter from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine owne teares I wash away my balme,
With mine owne hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne tongue denie my sacred state,
With mine owne breath release all duties rites,
All pompe and Maiestie I doe forswear,
My Mannors, Rents, Reuenues I forgoe,
My Actes, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to me,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke that sweare to thee:
Make me that nothing haue, with nothing grieued,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all atchieu'd:
Long mayst thou liue in *Richards* seat to sit,
And soone lie *Richard* in an earthly pit:

The Tragedie of

God saue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* saies,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shines daies.
What more remaines?

North. No more; but that you read
These accusations, and these grievous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profite of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.

Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland*?
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blor, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilate*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you *Pilates*,
Haue heere deliuered me to my sowre Crosse,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.

North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.

Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traitor with the rest;
For I haue giuen here my soules consent
To vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie bace, and Soueraigntie a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe,
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be starling, yet in England
Let it command a mirroure hither straite
That it may shew me whata face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maiestie.

Bul. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glasse.

North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.

Bul. Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.

North. The commons will not then be satisfied.

Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeed.
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe,
Giue me the glasse: no deeper wrinkles yet?
Hath sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my followers in prosperitie!
Was this the face that every day vnder his
Houhold roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
Marke silent King the morall of this spor,
How soone my sorrow hath destroyd my face.

Bul. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.

Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see: tis very true, my grieve

The Tragedie of

Lies all within, and these externall manners
Of laments are meere shadows to the vnscene,
Griefe that swells with silence in the tortured soule:
And I thanke thee King that not onely giuest
Me cause to waile, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause: Ile begge one boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.

Bul. Name it faire Coosin.

Rich. Faire Coose, why? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a king, my flatterers were then but subiects
Being now a subiect, I haue a King heere
To my flatterer; being so great, I haue no need to beg.

Bul. Yet aske.

Rich. And shall I haue it?

Bul. You shall.

Rich. Why then giue me leaue to goe.

Bul. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.

Bul. Goe some of you conuay him to the tower.

Rich. O good conuay, conuayers are you all,
That rise thus nimble by a true Kings fall.

Bul. On Wednesday next we solemnely set downe,
Our Coronation; Lords prepare your selues.

Exeunt. Manet West. Carleill, Aumerle.

Abbot. A woefull Pageant haue we heere beheld.

Car. The woe's to come; the children yet vnborne,
Shall feele this day as sharpe to them as thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergiemen, is there no plot,
To rid the Realme of this pernicious blot?

Abbot. Before I freely speake my mind heerein,
You shall not onely take the Sacrament
To bury mine intent, but also to effect
What euer I shall happen to deuise:
I see your browes are full of discontent,
Your heart of sorrow, and your eies of teares:
Come home with me to supper, Ile lay a plot,
Shall shew vs all a merry day.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Queene, with her attendants.

Queene. This way the King will come, this is the way
To *Iulius Cæsars* ill erected Tower.
To whose flint bosome my condemned Lord
Is doomde a Prisoner by proud *Bullingbrooke*.
Heere let vs rest, if this rebellious earth
Haue any resting for her true Kings *Queene*.

Enter Richard.

But soft, but see, or rather, do not see,
My faire Rose wither: yet looke vp, behold,
That you in pittie may dissolue to deaw,
And wash him fresh againe with true loue teares.
Ah thou the modell where old *Troy* did stand!
Thou mappe of Honour, thou King *Richards* toombe:
And not King *Richard*: thou most beauteous Inne,
Why should hard fauourd griefe be lodged in thee,
When triumph is become an Alehouse guest?

Rich. Ioyn not with griefe, faire woman, do not so,
To make my end too sudden, learne good soule,
To thinke our former state a happy dreame,
From which awakt, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this: I am sworne (brother sweete)
To grimme Necessitie, and he and I
Will keepe a league till death. Hie thee to *France*,
And cloyster thee in some religious house:
Our holy liues must winne a new worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here, haue thrown downe.

Queene. What is my *Richard* both in shape and mind,
Transformd and weakned? hath *Bullingbrooke*
Deposd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The Lyon dying thrusteth foorth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage,
To be o'repowerd; and wilt thou Pupil-like
Take thy correction, mildly kisse the rodde,
And fawne on Rage with bace humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of beasts?

King. A King of beasts indeed, if aught but beast,

I had been still a happy king of men.
 Good (sometime Queene) prepare thee hence for *France*,
 Thinke I am dead, and that euen heere thou takest
 As from my death-bed my last liuing leaue.
 In winters tedious nights sit by the fire
 With good old folkes, and let them tell thee tales
 Of woefull ages long agoe betide,
 And ere thou bid good to quite their griefe,
 Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
 And send the hearers weeping to their beds:
 For why, the sencelesse brands will simpathy
 The heauy accent of thy moouing tongue,
 And in compassion weepe the fire out;
 And some will mourne in ashes, some cole blacke,
 For the deposing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is changd,
 You must to *Pomfret*, not vnto the Tower.
 And Madam, there is order tane for you,
 With all swift speed you must away to France.

King. *Northumberland*, thou ladder wherewithall
 The mounting *Bullingbrooke* ascends my throne.
 The time shall not be many houres of age
 More then it is, ere foule sinne gathering head,
 Shall breake into corruption, thou shalt thinke,
 Though he deuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
 It is too little, helping him to all:
 He shall thinke, that thou which knowst the way
 To plant vnrightfull Kings, will know againe,
 Bbeing nere so little vrgd another way,
 To plucke him headlong from the surped throne,
 The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
 That feare, to hate; and hate turnes one or both
 To worthy danger and deserued death.

North. My guilt be on my head, and there an end:
 Take leaue and part, for you must part forthwith.

King. Doubly diuorc't, (bad men) you violate

Richard the Second.

A twofold mariage, betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me, and my married wife.
Let me vnkisse the oath betwixt thee and me:
And yet not so, for with a kille it was made,
Part vs Northumberland, I towards the North;
Where shiuering cold and sickenesse pines the clime:
My Wife to France, from whence set foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither, like sweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas, or shortst of day.

Quee. And must we be deuided? must we part?

King. I, hand from hand (my loue) and heart from heart

Queen. Banish vs both, and send the King with me.

King. That were some loue, but little policie.

Queen. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

King. So two togither weeping, make one woe;
Weepe for me in France, I for thee here,
Better farre off then neere be neare the neere:
Goe count thy way with sighes, I mine with groanes.

Queen. So longest way shall haue the longest moanes.

King. Twise for one step Ile gonne, the way being short,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing sorrow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is such length in griefe:
One kisse shall stoppe our mouthes, and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Queen. Giue me my owne againe, twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may striue to kill it with a groane.

King. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay,
Once more adew, the rest let sorrow say.

Enter Duke of Yorke, and the Dutchesse.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you breake the story
Of our two Coosins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Dut. At that sad stop my Lord,

The Tragedie of

Where rude misgouerned hands from windowes tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on *King Richards* head.

Yorke. Then (as I said) the Duke great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hore and fierie steede,
Which his aspiring rider seemd to know
With slow, but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cride, God saue the *Bullingbrooke*,
You would haue thought the very Windowes spake:
So many greedy lookes of young and old,
Through Casements darted their desiring eyes
Vpon his visage, and that all the Walles,
With painted imagery had sayd at once,
Iesu preserue the welcome *Bullingbrooke*,
Whilst he from the one side to the other turning
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke
Bespake them thus, I thanke you Countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.

Duc. Alacke poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilst?

Yorke. As in a Theater the eyes of men,
After a well graced Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Euen so, or with much more contempt mens eyes
Did scoule on gentle *Richard*, no man cried God saue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But dust was throwne vpon his sacred head,
Which with such gentle sorrow he shooke off,
His face still combating with teares and smiles,
The badges of his griefe and patience,
That had not God for some strong purpose steeld
The hearts of men, they must perforce haue melted,
And Barbarisme it selfe haue pittied him:
But heauen hath a hand in these euents,
To whose high will we bound our calme contents,
To *Bullingbrooke* are we sworne subject now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

Duc. Heere comes my tohne *Aumerle.* (Enter *Aum.*

Yorke.

Yorke. Aumerle that was,
But that is lost, for being *Richards* friend:
And Madam, you must call him Rutland now:
I am in Paliament pledge for his trueth
And lasting fealtie to the new made King.

Dut. Welcome my sonne, who art the Violets now,
That strew the greene lappe of the new-come spring.

Aum. Madam I know not nor I greatly care not,
God knowes I had as lief be none as one.

Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new spring of time,
Least you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from *Oxford*? do these iusts & triumphs hold?

Aum. For aught I know (my Lord) they do.

Yorke. You will be there I know.

Aum. If God preuent not I purpose so.

Yorke. What seale is that that hangs without thy bosome
Yea, lookst thou pale? let me see the writting.

Aum. My Lord tis nothing.

Yorke. No matter then who see it,
I will be satisfied, let mee see the writting.

Aum. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not haue seene.

Yorke. Which for some reasons (sir) I meant to see.
I feare, I feare.

Dut. What should you feare?
Tis nothing but some band that he is entred into
For gay apparrell against the triumph.

Yorke. Bound to himselfe, what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole,
Boy, let me see the writting.

Aum. I do beseech you pardon me, I may not shew it.

Yorke. I will be satisfied, let me see it. I say:

He pluckes it out of his bosome, and reads it.

Treason, foule treason: villaine, traytor, slaue.

Dut. What is the matter, my Lord?

Yorke. Ho, who is within there? saddle my horse:

God for his mercy! what Trechery is heere?

Du. Why, what is it my Lord?

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say, saddle my horse,
Now by mine honour, my Life, my troth,
I will appeach the villaine.

Du. What is the matter?

Yorke. Peace foolish woman.

Dute. I will not peace, what is the matter *Aumerle*?

Aum. Good mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life must answer.

Duch. Thy life answer?

Yorke. Bring me my bootes, I will vnto the King.

His man enters with his bootes.

Du. Strike him *Aumerle*, poore boy thou art amazzd,
Hence villaine neuer more come in my sight.

Yorke. Giue me my bootes I say.

Du. Why *Yorke*, what wilt thou do?

Wilt not thou hide the trespasse of thine owne?

Haue we more sonnes? or are we like to haue?

Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?

And wilt thou plucke my faire sonne from mine age,

And robbe me of a happie mothers name?

Is he not like thee? is he not thine owne?

Yorke. Thou fond mad woman,

Wilt thou conceale this darke conspiracie?

A doozen of them heere, haue tane the sacrament,

And interchangeably set downe their hands;

To kill the King at Oxford.

Du. He shall be none, weele keepe him heere,

Then what is that to him?

Yor. Away fond woman, were he twenty times my son,
I would appeach him.

Du. Hadst thou groand for him as I haue done,

Thou wouldst be more pitifull:

But now I know thy mind, thou dost suspect

That I haue beene disloyall to thy bed,

And that he is a bastard, not thy sonne:

Sweete Yorke, sweete husband be not of that mind;
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like me or any of my kinne,
And yet I loue him.

Yorke. Make way vnruely woman.

Exit.

Du. After Aumerle: mount thee vpon his horse,
Spur, post, and get before him to the King,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee,
He not be long behind, though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as Yorke,
And neuer will I rise vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbrooke haue pardoned thee, away, be gone.

Enter the King with his Nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie sonne?
Tis full three months since I did se him last;
If any plague hang ouer vs, tis hee;
I would to god my Lords, he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongst the Tauernes there,
For there they say, he dayly doth frequent,
With vnrestrained loose companions,
Euen such (they say) as stand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and robbe our passengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honor to support so dissolute a crew

H. Per. My Lord, some two daies since I saw the Prince
And told him of those triumphs held at Oxford.

King. And what said the Gallant?

Percie. His answere was, he would to the stewes,
And from the commonest creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorse the lustiest Challenger.

King H. As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
I see some sparkles of better hope, which elder yeares
May hapily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Ann. Where is the King?

(so wildly?)

King H. What meanes our coosin that he stares & looks

The Tragedie of

Aum. God saue your Grace; I do beseech your Maiesty,
To haue some conference with your Grace alone.

King. Withdraw your selues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Coosin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth;
My tongue cleaue to my roofoe within my mouth,
Vnlesse a pardon ere I rise or speake.

King. Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the first, how hainous ere it be,
To winne thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that I may turne the Key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy desire.

The Duke of Yorke knocks at the doore and cryeth.

Yorke. My Liege beware, looke to thy selfe,
Thou hast a Traitor in thy presence there.

King. Villaine, ile make thee safe.

Au. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou hast no cause to feare

Yorke. Open the doore, secure foole, hardy King:
Shall I for loue speake treason to thy face?

Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

King. What is the matter vnckle, speake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neere is danger,

That we may arme vs to encounter it?

Yorke. Peruse this writing here, and thou shalt know,
The treason that my hast forbids me show.

Au. Remember as thou read'st, thy promise past,
I doe repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yorke. It was (villaine) ere thy hand did set it downe:
I tore it from the traitors bosome (King)
Feare, and nos loue, begets his penitence:
Forgetto pittie him, lest thy pittie prooue
A serpent, that will sting thee to thee heart.

King. O heynous, strong, and bold conspiracie!
O loyall father of a treacherous sonne!
Thou sheere immaculate and siluer Fountaine,

From

From whence this streame through muddie passages
Hath hald his current, and desilde himselfe:
Thy ouerflow of good conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodnesse shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing sonne.

Yorke. So shall my Vertue, be his Vices baude,
And he shall spend mine honor, with his shame,
As thriftles Sonnes, their scraping Fathers Gold:
Mine honour liues when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamdelife in his dishonor lies:
Thou kilst me in his life giuing him breath,
The traitor liues, the true man's put to death.

Dutch. What ho, my Liege for Gods sake let me in.

King. What shrill voyc'd suppliant makes this eger cry?

Dut. A woman, and thy Aunt (great King) tis I,
Speake with me, pittie me, open the doore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begd before.

King. Our scene is altered from a serious thing,
And now changde to the Beggar and the King:
My dangerous Coosin, let your Mother in,
I know she is come, to pray for your foule sinne.

Yorke. If thou do pardon whosoever pray,
More sinnes for this forgiuenes, prosper may:
This festred ioynt cut off, therest rest sound,
This let alone, will all the rest confound.

Dut. Oh King, beleeeue not this hard-hearted man:
Loue louing not it selfe, none other can.

Yorke. Thou franticke woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traytor reare?

Dut. Sweete Yorke be patient; heare me gentle Liege.

King H. Rise vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet I thee beseech,
For euer will I walke vpon my knees,
And neuer see day that the happy sees,
Till thou giue ioy; vntill thou bid me ioy,
By pardoning Rutland, my transgressing boy.

Au. Vnto my mothers prayers I bend my knee.

Yorke.

Yorke. Against them both my true ioynts bended be,
Ill mayst thou thrive if thou graunt any grace.

Dut. Pleades he in earnest? looke vpon his face:
His eyes do drop no teares, his prayers are in iest,
His words do come from his mouth, ours from our breast:
He prayes but faintly, and would bedenide,
We pray with heart and soule, and all beside:
His weary ioynts would gladly rise I know,
Our knees still kneele till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of false hypocrysie,
Ours of true zeale and deepe integritie:
Our prayers doe out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy which true prayer ought to haue.

King. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dut. Nay, doe not say, stand vp;
Say pardon first, and afterwards stand vp,
And if I were thy nurse thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech:
I neuer longd to heare a word till now,
Say pardon King, let pittie teach the how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweete;
No word like Pardon for Kings mouthes so meete.

Yorke. Speake it in French, King say, *Pardonne moy.*

Dut. Dost thou teach pardon? pardon to destroy:
Ah my sowre Husband, my hard hearted Lord!
That sets the word it selfe against the word;
Speake pardon as tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderstand:
Thine eye begins to speake, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart, plant thou thine eare;
That hearing how our plaints and prayers doe pierce,
Pittie may moouethee pardon to rehearse.

King H. Good Aunt stand vp.

Dutch. I doe not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the sute I haue in hand.

King. I pardon him as God shall pardon me.

Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee.

Yet am I sicke for feare, speake it againe;
Twice saying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one Pardon strong,

King. I pardon him with all my heart.

Dutch. A God on earth thou art.

King. But for our trustie brother in law and the Abbot,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
Destruction strait shall dog them at the heeles,
Good Vnckle, helpe to order seuerall powers
To Oxford, or where ere these traitours are,
They shall not liue within this world I sweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and coosin adue,
Your mother well hath prayed, and prooue you true.

Dutch. Come my old sonne, I pray God make thee new.

Exeunt. Manet Sir Pierce Exton, &c.

Exton. Didst thou not marke the K. what words he spake
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare?
Was it not so?

Man. These were his very words.

Exton. Haue I no friend quoth he? he spake it twice,
And vrgde it twice together, did he not?

Man. He did.

Exton. And speaking it, he wistly lookt on me,
As who should say, I would thou wert the man,
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at *Pomfret*. Come, lets go,
I am the Kings friend, and will rid his foe.

Exeunt.

Enter Richard alone.

Rich. I haue been studying how to compare
This Prison where I liue, vnto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And heere is not a creature but my selfe,
I can not do it: yet Ile hammer it out:
My braine Ile prooue the female to my soule;
My soule the father, and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts;

K

And

And these same thoughts people this little world,
 In humours like the people of this world:
 For no thought is contented: the better sort,
 As thoughts of things diuine are intermixt
 With scruples, and do set the word is selfe
 Against thy word, as thus: Come little ones, & then againe
 It is as hard to come as for a Cammell
 To thread the small posterne of a small needles eye:
 Thoughts tending to ambition they doe plot
 Vnlikelie wonders: how these vaine weake nayles
 May teare a passage thorow the Flinty ribs
 Of this hard world, my ragged prison walles:
 And for they cannot die in their owne pride,
 Thoughts tending to content, flatter themselues,
 That they are not the first of Fortunes slaues,
 Nor shall not be the last, like seely beggars;
 Who sitting in the Stockes, refnuge their shame,
 That many haue, and others must sit there,
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
 Bearing their owne misfortunes on the backe
 Of such as haue before indurde the like.
 Thus play I in one Prison many people;
 And none contented; sometimes am I a King,
 Then Treasons make me with my selfe a Begger,
 And so I am: then crushing Penurie
 Perswades me I was better when a King;
 Then am I a King againe, and by and by,
 Thinke that I am vnkingd by *Bullingbrooke*,
 And straight am nothing. But what ere I be,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing, shall be please, till he be easde
 With being nothing Musicke do I heare; *Musicks plaies*.
 Ha, ha, keepe time; how sowe sweete Musicke is
 When Time is broke, and no proportion kept,
 So is it in the musicke of mens liues:
 And heere haue I the daintinesse of care
 To checke Time broke in disordered string:

But for the concord of my itate and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true time broke:
I wailed Time, and now doth time waste me:
For now hath time made his numbring clocke;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighes they iarre,
There watches on vnto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereto my finger like a Dials point,
Is pointing still, in cleansing them from teares.
Now sir, the sound that tels what howre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, which strike vpon my heart,
Which is the Bell: so sighes, and Teares, and Groanes,
Shew Minutes, Times, and Houres: but my Time
Runnes posting on in *Bullingbrooks* proud ioy,
While I stand fooling heere his iacke of the clocke:
This Musicke maddes me, let it sound no more,
For though it hath help madde mento their wits,
In me it seemes it will make wise men madde.
Yet blessing on his heart that giues it me,
For 'tis a signe of loue: and loue to *Richard*,
Is a strange brooch in this al-hating world.

Enter a Groome of the Stable.

Groome. Haile royall Prince.

Rich. Thanks noble Peere:

The cheapest of vs is ten groats too deare.
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man euer comes but that sad Dogge,
That brings me foode to make misfortune liue?

Groome. I was a poore Groome of thy stable, King,
When thou wert King: who traouelling towards Yorke,
With much adoe (at length) haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my sometimes royall maisters face:
Oh how it ernd my heart, when I beheld
In London streets that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbroeke* rode on Roane Barbarie,
That Horse, that thou so often hast bestride,
That Horse, that I so carefully haue drest.

Rich. Rode he on Barbarie, tell me gentle friend,

How went he vnder him?

Groome. So prouddie, as if he disdaind the ground.

Rich. So proud that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe:
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him:
Would he not stumble? would he not fall downe?
Since pride must haue a fall, and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vsurpe his backe?
Forgiueneesse Horse, why do I rayle on thee?
Since thou created to be awde by man,
Wast borne to beare, I was not made a Horse,
And yet I beare a burthen like an Asse,
Spurde, galde, and tyrde by iauncing *Bullingbrooke*.

Keeper. Fellow giue place, heere is no longer stay.

Rich. If thou loue me, tis time thou wert away.

Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

Exit Groome. Enter one to Richard with meat.

Keeper. My Lord, wilt please you to fall to?

Rich. Taste of it first, as thou wert wont to do.

Keeper. My Lord I dare not, sir *Pierce of Exton*,
Who lately came from the King, commands the contrary

Rich. The Deuill take Henry of Lancaster and thee:
Patience is stale, and I am wearie of it.

Keeper. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

The murderers rush in.

Rich. How now, what meanes Death in this rude assault?
Villaine thine owne hand yeilds thy deaths instrument,
Goe thou and fill another roome in Hell.

Heere Exton strikes him downe.

Rich. That hand shall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That staggers thus my person: *Exton*, thy fierce hand
Hath with the Kings blood stained the kings owne land:
Mount, mount my soule, thy seate is vp on hie,
Whilst my grosse flesh sinkes downward heere to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of Royall blood:
Both haue I spild; Oh would the deed were good!
For now the Deuill that told me I did well,

Sayes that this deed is chronicled in Hell:
This dead King to the liuing King ile beare,
Take hence the rest, & giue them buriall heere.

Exit.

Enter Bullingbrooke with the Duke of Yorke.

King. Kind Vnckle Yorke, the latestt newes we heare,
Is, that the Rebels haue consumed with fire
Our towne Ciceter in Gloucestershire:
But whether they be tane or slaine, we heare not:
Welcome my Lord, what is the newes?

Enter Northumberland.

North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happineffe;
The next newes is, I haue to London sent
The heads of Oxford, Salisburie, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large discoursed in this paper heere.

King. We thanke thee gentle Percie for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.

Enter Lord Fitzwaters.

Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford sent to London,
The heads of Broccas, and sir Benet Seely;
Two of the dangerous consorted Traytors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire ouerthrow.

King. Thy paines Fitz: shall not be forgot,
Right noble is thy merit well I wot.

Enter Henrie Percie.

Per. The graund conspirator Abbot of Westminster,
With clogge of conscience and sowe melancholie,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the Graue;
But here is *Carleil* liuing, to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and sentence of his pride.

King. *Carleil*, this is your doome,
Chooße out some secret place, some reuerend roome
More then thou hast, and with it ioy thy life,
So as thou liu'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enimie thou hast euer been,
High sparkes of Honour in thee haue I seene.

Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I present
Thy buried feare : heerein all breathlesse lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.

King. *Exton*, I thanke thee not, for thou hast wrought
A deed of slaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.

Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed

King. They loue not poyson, that do poyson need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wish him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princelie fanour :
With *Caine* go wander through the shade of night,
And neuer shew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I protest my soule is full of woe,
That blood should sprinckle me to make me grow:
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on sullen blacke incontinent :
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March sadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.





